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IDLE TALK



TOWN CRITIC





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BY JAC



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W. R. GUIBERSON, *Town Critic*

Idle Talk

—BY—

THE TOWN CRITIC

Being Selections from the Humorous
and Sentimental Writings of
W. R. Guiberson, in the
Tulsa Daily World



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no. 1.

There's nothing half so pleasing like
When after you have done your best,
To have the boss come up to you,
And with a smile of gratitude,
Express himself most earnestly,
In telling you he likes the way
You've done the things assigned to you.
It seems that better service comes
From out a feeling such as this;
And if the bosses over town
Would only cheer the worthy ones
And give no space to idlers
They'd find an extra effort there
Deserving of the word of cheer.

You know there's lots in being
Kind; being good natured and
Ready to find some kind of cheer
In everything; always happy and
Ready to sing; meeting your friends
With a cordial smile; living a life
That's really worth while; never
Grumbling or finding fault; never
Compelled to call a halt to flighty
Desires or influence; but giving way
To common sense, letting it guide
Your daily deeds, filling your wants
Supplying your needs. Give it a trial
I'm sure you'll find a great deal of
Of pleasure in just being kind.

Where is the lady of long ago
We used to know when we were boys ;
Where is the smile so kind and sweet
She gave to us that bid us go
About our work with cheer and grace ;
Where is the sound of gentle voice
And touch of hand upon our cheek ?
Now can it be that it has passed
And with the progress of the world,
New thoughts and ideas have come
To quench the flame of cherished dreams ;
And in the hurry of the times,
The gentle words and pleasant smiles
Are superseded by the reign
Of vague conventionalities ?

A friend of mine was going out
The other night to 'tend a
Ball, or party, dance, or what it
Was, and friend had called
In taxicab, and waited in the
Parlor there and wondered if she
Had forgot, for hour was nearly
Ten o'clock; and then it was he
Asked the maid to tell the lady
Hour was late. The maid replied,
"The lady, sir, misplaced her
Gown and can not find, and that
Is why she is detained." But as
She spoke the lady called from
Head of stairs, "I have it Kate.
I found it 'neath my handkerchief."

A smile is worth while if it
Comes from the heart and is
Crowned with a little of cheer ;
But a make-me believe can never
Deceive and often results in a
Sneer. A smile may be glad or
A smile may be sad or a smile
May be dimmed with a tear ;
However the smile, it is surely
Worth while if its crowned
With a little of cheer. A human who
Sees in nothing to please and
No kindly word will avail ; is
A dingy old sog, not as good as
My dog, who smiles with a wag
Of the tail.

I knew a man whose life was filled
With every trouble that there was
And nothing of his future claims
Did offer hopes of brighter ends.
But through it all he did maintain
A balance of unwavering nerve,
And on the street, with cheerful eye,
Unto his friends did prompt reply,
"I'm feeling fine," and with a smile
Did greet them as they passed.
This cheer was not a mocking pride,
And he his troubles overcame;
And fortune took his radiant smile
And mingled with his eagerness,
And wove into his future life
The thread of joy and happiness.

Did you ever notice people
As they walk along the street,
How they seemed to be so taken
With the things upon display
Behind the plate-glass windows,
As they seem to scrutinize
Every article before them
In a most admiring way?
And the boss behind the counter
Smiles and seems to feel so good,
That his window is the very best
Within the neighborhood.
But if he'd look real closely,
Oh, how his heart would hurt,
For it isn't the things in window so much
As the hang of the coat or skirt.

Is there a man who can't recall
His schoolboy days down on the farm;
Who wouldn't give his all to live
The same old happy days again;
Who doesn't tingle when he thinks
Of wooded fields and swimming holes;
Who has forgotten barefoot days
Of bruised heels and bleeding toes;
Who doesn't recollect the times
His mother whipped him for the things
He did, she told him not to do?
If such there is, I say to him,
You've missed the greatest age in life
And what a blessing it would be
If you could stop in your career
And doff the worries and the care
And in your thoughts call back again
Your boyhood days and revel there.

I very often meet the man
Who's always groveling in the dumps
And never sees a bit o' cheer
In anything of life at all;
Who, when we pass the time o' day
"Oh, everything seems going wrong
And life is hardly worth it all."
I know in every life there comes
A dreary hour to dark the sun,
But always sometime 'fore the night
With cheering rays the sun shines bright.
So stand erect above the cloud,
Dispel the thought that all is dark,
And lift the curtain of despair
And 'mit a little sunshine there.
And life will seem a different thing,
Well worth the trouble that it brings.
It matters not how dark the sphere,
A smile will find the brightness there.

To you, the idle fathers of little
Sons, who are too busy to give
Them talk or listen to their
Little tales of sorrow or woe
Or happiness; who never let them
Go with you and see the things
That they should see when only
You were guiding them; who make
Them feel that you are bored
When little questions come to
You a thousand more or less; who
Never get right down to them and
Get acquainted as it were. I want
To say it isn't right. Your sons
Need you to counsel with; they
Need your confidence and more,
To feel that you were not alone
Their dad, but really and truly
A friend.

Along about this time o' year
When spring is hoverin' nigh;
Feller gits to feelin' queer,
Sort o' restless; 'n by and by
Somethin' kind o' pulls him on,
And first dern thing he knows,
He gits out his old fishin' kit
And up the stream he goes.
There ain't no use to throw it off,
There's somethin' in the air
That sets him itchin' fer a fish
Along this time o' year.
He ain't good fer nothin' else,
Until he's fished it out—
Just a dreamin' of a stream
That's filled with bass er trout.
I ain't talkin' on hearsay,
Fer I feel it comin' on;
And when it does, I want to say
There ain't no use, I'm gone.

I ordered a plumber the other day
And he came in, looked it over and
Got out his rule and took some
Measurements and went away and
After a while he came again and
Brought his tools and a lot of pipe
And fittings and things to use and
It wouldn't fit and he measured
Again and went away and cut his
Pipe and then came back and started
To put his junk in place and found
He hadn't an ell or a tee he should
Have had and went away, came again
And forgot his wrench and then it
Was my patience failed and I said
Things I can not write and he did
Too. He finished the job and I
Was glad. Instead of an hour I paid
Him for four. Do you blame me much
For being sore?

How many times I've seen the man
Who never answers to the hour;
And how I've waited for him there
Until my patience overrun,
Brought forth expressions I regret.
And to him now who says to me,
"I'll meet you there at half past three,"
And when the hour at last arrives,
And I am there to keep my word
But he is not, and what is more
He doesn't care or have a thought
Of me or mine, or of the time
I've spent for him and him alone;
I wish to say to such as he—
That in the world of business men,
You are the worst, and to me, sir,
The most disgusting of them all;
And 'less you change this awful fault
You'll never reach the goal you've sought
For after all he merits most
Who meets the hour whate'er the cost.

There ain't no use fer to
Fume and fret, because of the
Things you didn't get; fer
Fumin' and frettin' won't do any
Good, it only adds to your
Dingy mood. And it gits you
Feelin' 'sour and blue' 'till you
Git to a stage whatever you
Do seems wrong, and there is
Nothin' right, and you git in
The dumps and all seems night,
As fur as any hope's concerned,
And you swear an oath, that the
World be derved; that there ain't
No justice as fur as you've
Learned. But it ain't nobody's
Fault but yourn, and if you'll
Brace and make a turn and try
To find the brighter side, you'll
Be a deal more satisfied. So
Cast the grouch and wear a smile
And things will prosper after while.

Two men there were. One went about
In most dejected lethargy
Nor saw the brightness in the life—
But only dark and dismal thoughts
Did fill his mind of future things
And when he spoke of what he had
His voice was filled with bitterness.
And for the failures that he made
He blamed the world, and with a curse
Declared that no man could succeed
If people would persist in thoughts
That he was just a common man
Instead of one superior;
And while he thus condemned it all
The other worked with what he had,
Contented with his present course,
And with a challenge bid the world
A friendly combat for success.
And just the same as he had lived,
The one went down to meet his fate.
The other grew and in the end
Success did crown his eagerness.

There was a man as poor as dirt
And many days he went about
With hardly half enough to eat,
He had no winter clothes to wear.
His shoes were worn, his feet were bare.
One day when he was nearly down,
He met a man who gave him food
And money, too, to buy some clothes,
And gave him work to earn his bread.
The months passed on, this man did gain,
And fortune favored every turn
Until at last he grew to be
A man of wealth. And as he gained,
Through sad reverses undeserved
This kind old friend who gave him food
Became as poor as once he was.
And when one day in desperate mood
He went to him and asked for food
The rich man now, turned with a sneer
And said, "What are you doing here?"
Now which of these the better man,—
The kind and sympathetic soul,
Or he, the cold, the heartless, rude,
Devoid of all, e'en gratitude?

If I could say the things I want
About the man who sits and
Talks of the things he's done and could
Have done, the printer wouldn't
Print them here and I
Would be without a job.
So I will tone myself to say
The things I can and let it go.
And if the man who thinks that
All the world depends on him;
That if he only had the
Chance he'd clean the land
Of vice and wrong; that people
Must admit that he is smarter
Far than all the rest, should
Read these lines let it suffice
To simply say that he who
Thus is so imbued with self
Importance as to think that no
Event how great or small was
Not at first his own, is as
The bubble from the soap that swells
And swells and then it
Bursts and naught is left
But just a drop.

He limped upon the city's
Streets and every step a
Shot of pain did penetrate
The very depths of feeling
That he had. But not a
Thought of him there was
And with his pain he plod
Along, nor did he think of
Any rest the future had for
Him. His body showed the
Lack of food, his unkempt
Sides the lack of care, and
On the seat behind him there
His master sat with whip in
Hand and as he lingered in
His pace, beat down upon his
Aching sides and cursed him
As with increased pain he
Strove to do his will.
Oh, man! How brutal are thy
Ways. How merciless thy hands
I would that you might be
The horse and this poor
Limping creature for the
Moment be the man.

If I might have the things I
Wish 'twould not be gold nor
Land; 'twould be a simple
Mountain home where nature's
Mighty hand doth paint each
Day a different scene to
Soothe the restless one. The
Trees, the rocks, the snow-capped
Peaks, from which the waters run
To meet the sparkling brooks
Below and ever as they flow, the
Ferns and flowers in sweet
Content doth nod and smile and
Grow. Indeed a home for godly
Things, for He doth seem so near;
And in the heart a sacred thought
And reverential fear. So give me
Home in mighty hills where
Silence broods and spells; where
Moaning sounds of singing pines
Subdues and soothes and quells.
Where all of nature seems so
Glad and gladsome nature all,
There in midst of mighty woods
I'll answer beck and call.

Today a New Year's ushered in,
And if each day it falls my lot,
To be of service unto him
Who in his sorrow needs a friend,
I shall have felt no more or less
Than just a simple duty done;
And in the doing feel the good
That comes from kindness understood.
I shall feel good if I am strong
To cast aside that which is wrong,
And if I may from day to day
Speak kindly all the words I say,
And smile on him who needs a smile,
And laugh if it may help to cheer,
And prize the friendship I have won,
I shall feel good for what I've done.
I shall feel good if all my acts
Will bear the scrutiny of facts;
If I may hold the friendship, love
Of those who toil with me the day;
And feel no conscience-stricken thought
At end of week, I take my pay;
If half my thoughts of others are,
Not all of self and my own care;
I shall feel good if I may do
That which pleases you and you.

A young man came into my shop
And as he sat and talked to
Me I saw him pull from out
His case a cigaret and light
It there and after just a few
Long puffs did deftly cast
It down. And many times he did
The same and as he told me of
His wares I counted eight or
Nine and saw the stains upon
His hands, and noticed in his
Attitude the lack of keenness
There. And all his efforts to
Convince bore not the weight
Of argument. And as he rose to
Leave me there, I said to him
“Young man beware, for what I
Tell you now is true—keen
Competition is the force
Against which man must strive
And striving he must have the
Strength and clearness to
Perceive, but cigaretts are
Not the source from which
These things are come.” He
Listened with attentive ear
And opened up his silver case
And when I finished, smiling, said,
“Have a cigaret?”

The other day I stood on fields
Where nearly sixty years before
Our soldiers fought and bled and died.
And as the story of the fight
Was told to me by one who fought,
In fancy I could see them there
And hear the roar of shot and shell;
But no, the soldiers—cold gray stones,
The sound—the silence and the spell.
And tho' 'twas nearly three score years
Since what he told me he had done,
He seemed to live it all again
And as he named them one by one
And told how each fought hand to hand,
From Chickamauga battle field
To Missionary Ridge, and stand
Beneath the hottest fire of all—
My blood did tingle in my veins,
Inspired by him whose faltering tongue
Was thrilled with memories of the past.

* * * * *

A hundred guns stand in their place
Just as they stood so long ago;
Like sentinels they stand and guard
The heroes of the friend and foe.
For side by side they lie in death
Countless heroes of the day,
The same to him who wore the blue,
The same to him who wore the gray.

You know I've racked my brain of late
To figure out just punishment
For him who sits beside you there
In movie show, and squirms and twists
Throughout it all; who stabs you with
His elbow, then, brings up his foot
To cross his legs, and as he does
Knocks from your lap your brand new hat
And, as it falls upon the floor
The usher kicks it down the aisle;
Then presently he changes feet
And as he does he wipes the mud
From off his shoes upon your pants
And steps upon your sorest corn;
Or spreads his knees in front of him
Until you've scarcely room to sit.
Well all of this you stand with grace
Until he starts to leave the place,
When with a swoop swings on his coat
And musses up your hair, and more,
Knocks your glasses on the floor.
'Tis then you tell him what you think.
He looks at you with maddened stare
As if you had no business there,
And answers, "If a gentleman
With dignity can't see this show
Without insults, I'd like to know."
Will some kind reader tell to me
What hope there is for such as he?

Just night before last I happened
To meet a couple of boys on a
Darkened street. And they were of
Ages, perhaps nine and ten ; and as
I drew nearer I noticed then that
They were indeed both manly boys,
No doubt of good home with real
Homely joys. But each in his lips
His features to mar, held firmly
A long and lighted cigar ; and
The smoke rose in volumes as
Each puffed away, oblivious no
Doubt to the world and its way.
Now listen, my boys, for I want
To tell of a bright little fellow
Whom I knew so well, who would
Steal out at night, just the same
As you two, and would smoke his
Cigar and often would chew, for it
Follows the other when it once
Gets a start, and it all came
About 'cause he thought it was
Smart. Well, this little boy never
Grew to be much, always dull in
His studies, played hooky and such.
And when through the years to
Manhood he grew, he was stunted in
Growth and intellect, too.
So be careful, my boys, for you
Want to grow to be men among
Men whom the world loves to
Know.

It happened down at the "Daily
Breeze." 'Twas a banquet rich
And rare, and they served the
Boys just what they chose,
For expenses they didn't care.
The editor ordered up scrambled
Brains, the manager a plate of
Nerve, while the man at the
Desk who handles the shears
Said "Anything you can serve."
And then came the man who
Handles the cash, with a manner
You all well know. "Just give me
A platter of solid gold and on
It a little 'dough'." And then
Came the girl who sits at the
'Desk and sends in society's
Stick: "Just give me some toast
With some boiled-down salve and
Spread it on good and thick."
And then the man who handles
The ads spoke up and he made a
Hit. "Just give me something
That nobody 'wants' and I will
Dispose of it." And then the
Reportorial staff, with heels
Worn down to the sole. "Just give
Us a dish of something new, for
We can't bear anything old."
And on down the line the banquet
Was served till the devil came
In with a cry, as he stumbled,
Fell, he was heard to say "Hell!
My order got mixed with the pie."

The other day I wanted a hat, and
Hadn't bet on the election and had
To buy it, and went into a clothing
Store and met a man who's paid by
The week to make you feel you own
The store whenever you come to buy
A tie or a collar or a pair of
Socks, he bowed and smiled, says
"What'll you have?" I told him I
Wanted to look at a hat, and he
Took me around where the hats were
Piled and I tried one that I
Didn't like and he said to me it's
Just what you want and I said
That it wasn't; that it didn't fit,
But he told me it did, and any way if
'Twas any smaller it wouldn't do;
'Twas all the style to wear
Them large, so large, in fact, they
Come down to your ears, and this hat
Did and so I bought it and went
Away and when I got home my wife
Just laughed and told me the hat was
Much too large, but I surmised
She didn't know the latest style;
And wore it too church and friends
All laughed and Monday I took it
Back to the store and wanted to trade
It for one that fit, but they said
No, because I'd worn it, and I asked
Them what a hat was for, if they
Thought I bought it to carry
Around. And I had to keep it. And
After this when I buy a hat or a
Tie or shoes or anything, I'll go
To another store I know and if the
Fellow lets me buy the things I
Want and doesn't try to sell me
Things I do not want, I'll tell my
Friends about that store and try
To get them patronage.

Last Sunday morn at early hour,
I walked upon the city streets
And saw a friend, a genial man,
And he was running here and there
And picking something from the streets
And putting them in Sunday hat.
And when I asked him what it was,
He looked at me disgustedly
And answered "Apples, can't you see?"
I said to him, "Why don't you buy
Your apples at the grocery store?"
He said, "I did and other things,
A half-a-hundred, more or less,"
And then I saw the "other things,"
Some coffee strewn about the ground;
A bag of eggs, and in its fall
The eggs had changed identity,
Some sugar and a loaf of bread;
And as he stood and looked at them,
I asked him how it came about.
He told me he had started 'cross,
When a jitney bus at lightning speed
Did honk its horn, and when he jumped
He slipped and fell—"You know the rest;
And after this when wife forgets
To order groceries Saturday,
I'll go uptown to restaurant.
And now when I can find the man,
The driver of the jitney bus,
I'll drag him firmly from his seat
Into some blind alley near,
And when I finish—ambulance
Will carry him to hospital;
And when I tell policeman there
The reason I did beat him up,
He'll let me go, I know he will."

I went into a barber shop,
Pulled off my collar, coat and vest,
And asked the barber for a shave;
I thought I knew my own desires,
And what I wanted was a shave.
But ere the barber finished me,
I had a shave, a haircut, too,
A shampoo and a face massage,
And while this all was going on
The negro blacked my brand new shoes,
And they were patent leather, too;
And when I 'rose to dress myself,
The bootblack brushed and brushed my clothes,
And when I reached for a cigar,
He struck a match and lighted it;
And took my hat and rubbed it down,
And helped me on with overcoat;
And stood and bowed and grinned and stepped,
And then I gave to him a dime,
And he seemed pleased and then went back
And when I went up and paid my bill—
Instead of a shave 'twas dollar 'n half
And I went out and thought to myself,
"If I ever go into a barber shop
And call for a shave, get nothing more,
I'd want to have that barber's name,
And have it framed in letters gold,
And tell my friends about him, too;
And once in a while I'd let him shave
And cut my hair and wash my head,
Massage my face and give me a bath,
Or anything he wanted to do—
And tip him a dollar when he got through."

The other day I called to see
A friend of mine who works
For a firm which occupies the
Third floor most, of one of our
Largest buildings here. At the
End of the hall I met a boy
Who said to me, "What is your
Name and what do you want and
Whom do you wish to see?" And
As he spoke he gave me a pad
And I wrote it down and he
Went out and then came back
And said to me, "You'll have to
Wait." I did, and as I did, I
Heard the orders this boy
Got and none of them were
Very kind and some of them
Did growl at him; but not a
Word did this boy say but did
Whatever he was told. And
Then I left and saw my friend.
As I retired I met the boy,
At the elevator shaft was he,
And as the negro passed him up
He yelled at him in accents
Loud, "Why don't you watch your
Bell, you crazy chump." And thus
It was he had his sway. Who knows
But when the elevator boy
Retired, he went home and cursed
His dog.

Since the barbers have all raised the
Price of a shave, I've thought of the
Nickels and dimes I might save, and
Purchased a safety with blades, strop
And all, that shaves one as smooth as
A slick billiard ball, without e'en a scratch
Or a pull or a miss—it was
Guaranteed to do all of this. I
Followed instructions and read all
The dope, used boiling hot water
And the right kind of soap. I
Lathered and rubbed in, to soften the
Hair, and then started in with
This safety affair. It may be that
Some rule I failed to obey; that I
Didnt hold right, or pulled the
Wrong way. It seemed that each
Move of this shaving device did
Pull out a whisker or clip off a
Slice. I tugged and I pulled
And I labored and swore if I ever
Lived through it, I'd do it no more.
And when I had finished, I cleaned
Up the junk and put it away deep
Down in my trunk, and gave up the
Thought of the nickels I'd save,
Went back to my barber and
Asked for a shave.

I reached my home the other night
And found upon the table there
An invitation to appear
Some few nights hence to play the game
Of Auction Bridge, and truly sir
I love the game and promptly as
Per proper dope I R-S-B-
B-D'd that at the proper hour
I'd answer call and be prepared
To shuffle pasteboards in due form.
I went, and to my great surprise
I found some women played the game
As well as I, and others who
Knew not the value of the cards.
The game commenced and as we played
A lady sat behind my chair
And picked the cards from out my hands
And criticized my partner's plays
Until I really didn't know
A single thing about the game.
And after this when I am called
To play the game of Auction Bridge
I'll take the place of one of those
Who sit behind the player's chair
And if I whisper e'en a word
About the cards he should have played
I hope that he will rise and kick
Me sprawling from the lady's house.

My Mother, thy memory
Sweet doth dwell within the
Sacred precincts of my heart.
In fancy, again I see thy smile
And hear thy gentle voice—a
Smile and voice such as only a
Mother's love can give. In my
Dreams I walk with thee through
The blooming days of my
Childhood and realize that thy
Guardianship did mold for me a
Character; that thy words of
Comfort and wisdom were a
Shining light upon life's highway.
In sickness or in joy thou wert
Ever with me. My comfort even
Unto thine own discomfort was
Ever uppermost. And today as I
Look back upon thy life of
Sacrifice, sacrifice I did not
Then know, I shudder with shame
And wonder if God will forgive.
Ah, what would I not give if
Time could only turn backward
In its flight and make me a
Child again. Knowing what I

Now know ; recalling the trials
And tribulations that came to
That noble mother, I would
Ask no greater privilege than
This, to show my deep appreciation
Of her motherly devotion and to
Form my actions so that never
For one brief space of time would
They betray that appreciation.
Young men and women, to you, who
Still are blessed with noble
Mothers, let me ask, do you realize
All that you owe to them? Your
Lives, your names, your characters
Bear the imprint of their life's
Blood as it trickled out during
Hours of labor and pain that you
Might come to be ; guiding your
Footsteps along life's pathway
Until at last you grew to be men
And women. Still they watch over
You and nightly pray that you
Will so live as to be an honor to
The name of mother. Be kind,
Be gentle ; no sacrifice should be too
Great to do them honor.

With turkeys at thirty cents a
Pound and cranberries soarin'
High; and pumpkins almost out o'
Sight—no other kind o' pie
Would fill the bill on such a
Day—it's lookin' mighty short for
The feller who hasn't much to
Spend, thou feelin' that he ort.
It's kind o' been a custom with
Him and me and they, to have a
Turkey dinner on each Thanksgivin'
Day; our folks all counted on it,
Mince pies and pumpkin too; cranberry
Sauce and peach preserves and maybe
Just a few little trimmin's
Mother made to set it off jest right,
But things haint like they used ter
Be, gone clean out o' sight. Don't
Seem like Thanksgivin' Day without
It yet I guess folks orter be real
Thankful with what they have and
Jest get along the best they can—
There's some that's worse than they,
Who never knowed jest what it was
To have Thanksgivin' Day.

Gettin' kind o' lazy, feel it comin'
On; can't tell when 'll git me 'er
Jest when I'll be gone; but when
The spirit moves me, I ain't got long
To stay, fer I'll jest pack my fishin'
Kit an'—an' slip away. Ain't no power
Can hold me when that fishin' bug
Comes 'round, there ain't no use
To argy fer I tell you I'm jest
Bound to git out on the river, don't
Care how hot the day' er whether fish
Are bitin', I'm goin' to have my way.
Sure is heaps o' comfort for a feller
Who likes to fish, and to him who
Thinks it's foolish, I want to say,
"Jest hesh, you don't know what you're
Talkin' 'bout, ain't ketched no fish,
And more, never will, don't know how,
Jest naturally feelin' sore." And so
I'm gettin' lazy, feel it comin on;
Can't tell when 'll git me 'er jest
When I'll be gone; but when the
Spirit moves me I ain't got long to
Stay, fer I'll jest pack my fishin'
Kit an'—an' slip away.

When I was sick the other day,
I called a man whom the neighbors say
Is an osteopath, or something like that,
And this is the story I want to tell—
He gave me a treatment, and I got well.
But I'm not surprised, the way he went at it;
He twisted my neck, unjointed my back,
Pulled my legs (literally speaking),
Then up and down my spinal cord,
Pulling and pushing and twisting and turning—
"You'd make a good baker," I said to him,
"For you surely knead the bread."
He answered, "I need the 'dough',"
But said it wasn't personal;
And then he gave my neck a twist.
I said to him, "I need a haircut,"
For that was the first time in all my life
I had easily seen the back of my neck.
And when he finished and said he was through
I was all back in shape and as good as new.
It's pretty rough treatment, and has some faults,
But it tastes lots better than Epsom salts.

Born and raised out on a ranch,
Lived there all my boyhood days,
Until I reached majority.
Then somehow, sort o' happen so,
Kind o' just slipped into town,
Got in business and settled down
To a regular grinding sort o' way,
The same tomorrow as you have today;
Seems like nothing ever new,
Just the same thing through and through,
Always wishing to get out there,
Out on the farm in the open air.
But when it comes this time o' year,
The sun's warm rays through the atmosphere,
Just sets you dreamin' in a sort o' daze,
And it all comes back in a hundred ways.
And you smell the odor of new-mown hay,
And upturned sod, and flowers and grass;
And hear the call of the whippoorwill;
And the air all silence and lone and still.
It's mighty inviting this time o' year
When the sun beats soft and the spring is here.

I saw a man take down his 'phone
And heard him call in voice distinct
A number of some friend of his,
And watched him wait for a reply.
And when the central answered him,
"There's no response," he spoke to
Her in angry tones, and what he
Said I can not write, and with a
Slam he hung it up, and cursed
The girl who tried to get
The number that he wanted there.
Now if this man would only
Sit and watch the centrals as
They work and see the troubles
That they have and how they strive
To please, humiliation would
Subdue his angry temper, and again
When he would be obliged to call
A number and the central should
Again reply, "There's no response,"
He'd say to her, "I thank you, dear,"
And just feel good for what he was—
A gentleman.

I remember well I sayin' at school
That sin would find you out; but
Politics is worse 'n sin, at least
It's just about. A man who runs fer
Office never knows how bad he is
Until he gits to goin' and cracky
How they siz. Makes no difference
What he's been er what he does er
How; he's just about the meanest man
That ever took a vow. Things he never
Know'd afore about his own affairs,
Comes loomin' up afore him like a
Flight o' windin' stairs. Never did
A honest deed, to hear his 'ponents
Talk; nothin' ever like it, was ever
In his stock. Jest a common renegade
The worst in all the land, when a man
Gits into politics and tries to make
A stand. There h'ain't no use in talkin'
Sir, you'll allers have to fix and be
Accused of everything when in fer
Politics.

If your mother was old and
Feeble and gray and was poor
Like others are and had to
Work the whole long day just
To keep the hungry wolf away,
Would you be ashamed when she
Passed by to tell your friends
How sweet she was and that you
Loved her just the same as if
She wore the finest silks and
All the jewels wealth could
Buy? Then when you pass upon
The street some poor old lady
Worn and bent, don't pass her
With a fiendish sneer and
Wonder what she's doing here
But if she looks into your
Face smile back at her and
Give her place. If not your
Own please bear in mind
She's some one's loving mother.

Did you ever notice how nice
It was at a musical or a
Social or a tea or anything in
The afternoon, to have some
Artist play some perfectly
Beautiful selection on the
Piano while the guests are
Coming in and getting acquainted
And then after the affair is
Over and everybody has sung
Or read or whatever it is, to
Play again while the guests are
Expressing to each other how
Perfectly lovely it was and
Saying good-by and everything?
And did you ever notice how
Delighted and thrilled the
Pianist was?

Speaking of mother, so natural it seems
To pour out our love in sweetest dreams,
We think of her tender loving cares,
And our heart begins melting unawares,
And tears of sorrow bedim our eyes,
When we think of mother and her sacrifice.
But now we come, 'tis father's day,
And to you we love we wish to say,
That while in the past poetic themes
Have been of mother, and mother's dreams,
'Twas not because we loved you less,
But for mother, the love and tenderness,
Seemed more at place, and words and thought
Did brighten you, for the joy it brought.
So father dear, we honor you.
Our thoughts are with you through and through.
With reverence due, we sing your praise,
Our fathers, the builders of other days.

The sky is filled with blackest clouds
And all the air is cold and chill;
And wind doth moan from morn till night
Beneath the misfit window sill.
And out upon the frozen street
The click and clatter of the hoofs;
And up above, the branches play
Their tattoo on shattered roof.
'Tis winter and its biting frost
Doth grip the world with stinging power;
And everywhere within its path,
The shriveled plant and drooping flower.
How sad, and yet above the cloud,
The sun doth shine with brilliant ray;
And hope and cheer doth linger there
To welcome spring's returning day.
And often when your all seems gone
A ray of hope doth spur you on.

The man or woman, child or babe,
Who, with no thought of other ones,
Will carelessly or otherwise
Deposit 'neath the table frame,
In places where the public dine,
Large gobs of masticated gum;
So when we sit to eat our food,
We rub our knees against the wood,
And lo! They stick, the gum holds on,—
(Another pair of pants are gone)
I say the one who sticks it there,
Is now the subject of my thought;
And I would like to say to him
Just what I think, but rules of press
Will not permit me to express
The few kind (?) words, so let it slide
I'll hold my tongue and there abide.

The man who lives in this day and age
Who goes to church and everything
And doesn't smoke or chew or drink
And stays home nights and reads aloud
Some story book his wife admires
And gets the breakfast every morn
And never goes to picture shows
Unless his wife goes with him, too;
And when some friend invites him out
To have a little game of bridge
Does then reply, "I'm sorry, sir,
I can not come, my wife is ill,"
To tell the truth who'd rather be
At home with her than anywhere—
Deserves a medal as big as your hat.
He may be a martyr, but he's right at that.

To him who sits by his open
Window in office building and
Chews and chews the filthy weed
And expectorates out into the
Open air and down upon the
Passing throng with never a
Thought or seeming care, I wish
To say that you deserve the
Worst there is on earth to come.
I speak the voice of one who
Was recipient of juicy gob that
Fell upon my Sunday hat. Not for
The hat I care so much, although
It was a brand new Knox, as for
The thought, yea even more, I was
A human cuspidor.

Did you ever stop and picture
Scenes of childhood with your
Mother and think of how she
Sacrificed for you? Would you
Do the things you used to, say
The things she told you not to,
If she were only here to love
You now? Too bad we didn't
Know her as we see her smiling
Yonder, just waiting for the
Time we are to come. But if the
World could counter and roll
Back the years we've missed her
We would clasp our arms about
Her form and kiss away the
Sorrows that we brought.

If the man who told me that
When the dogwood was in blossom
The fish would bite, will come to my office
Tomorrow morning at half-past ten,
I'll tell him what I think about
The dogwood and the fish, and also
What I think about a man who
Will give a real good friend such a steer,
And do it intentionally, with malice aforethought,
Knowing full well that the fish do not know
A thing about trees or flowers or anything.
I went out yesterday and I fished all day,
Didn't get a bit, all on his say,
And I never saw such beautiful dogwood,
In bloom anywhere, but the fish didn't know it.

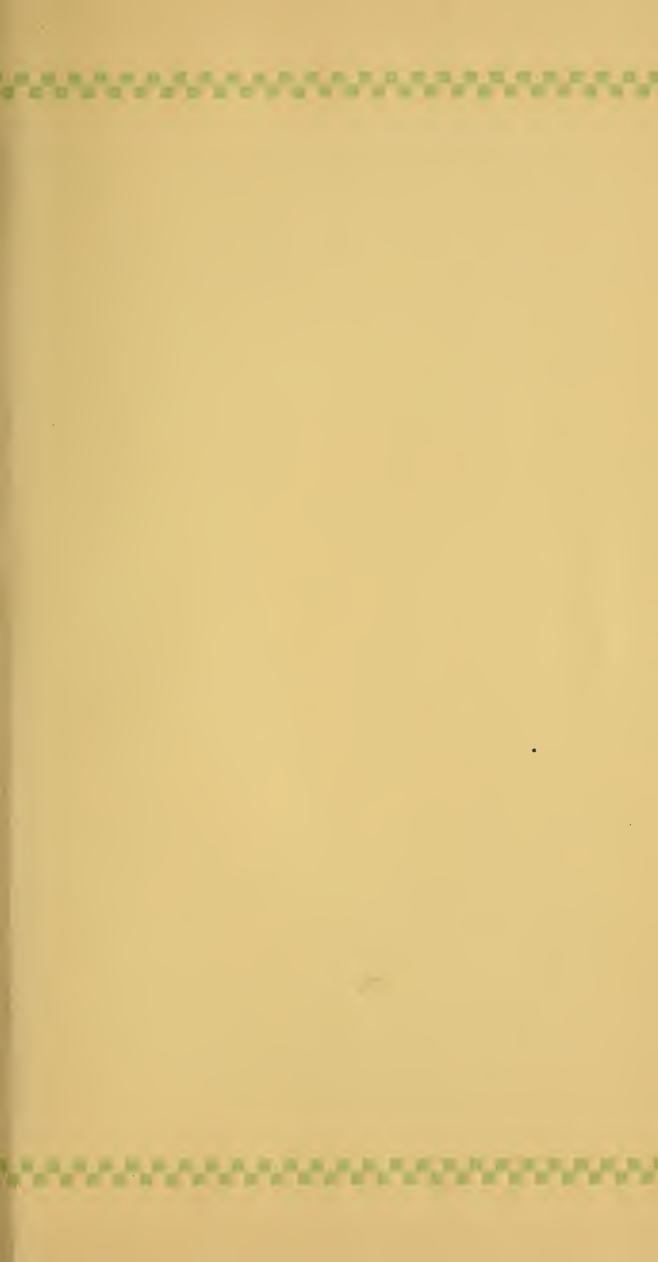
Can you show me a hero of greater renown
Than the baseball pitcher in his own home town?
Speaking of heroes, there's none I say
Compared with the pitcher who wins today.
For he will live in the hearts of men
For years and years and years, and then
They'll tell how in the final game
With three on bases and no one out,
He fanned the next three men at bat
And didn't exert himself at that;
And then at last, when he came up
With a man on first, he hit the ball
And over the fence like out of a gun
And they scampered home, and the game was won.
Can you show me a hero of greater renown
Than the baseball pitcher in his own home town?

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